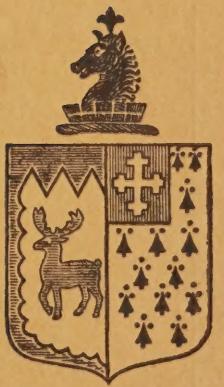


The
HOPKINS ARMS



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June, 1923

THE HOPKINS ARMS

Issued quarterly by the Students of Hopkins Academy, the Public High School of Hadley, Massachusetts.

Vol. XI. No. 3

June, 1923

THE HOPKINS ARMS

Official organ of Hopkins Academy.

Published four times during the school year.

Subscriptions \$1.00 a year. Single copies 30 cents.



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EDITORIALS

What joy it is to see Spring again after the long hard winter—to see the fields green, the trees budding! What a pleasant feeling it gives one to wake up in the morning and hear the birds singing their cheeriest. It makes one forget there ever was such a thing as snow and blustering weather. It invites us all to get out into the woods, and the boys seem hardly able to keep their hands off of a fish pole. Such are the delights of Spring!

Isn't it wonderful how many different things there are in this world for a person to do? And we are all suited for one line of work at least. It may not be what Tom, Dick or Harry can do, but what if it isn't? You don't need to envy any one else his special talent, just get busy and find one of your own!

"And he who waits to have his task marked out.

"Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

You may find Languages, Household Arts, Agriculture or Mathematics easy or interesting. Why be discouraged when after ceaseless energy and burning of midnight oil you do not get a high mark in Latin, for instance? Yet, you may do very well in Household Arts, and surely that is worth while. But whatever your work is, find it out and persevere in it. Surely, each of us has a place to fill in the world. It may be a big place or it may be a small one. We can not all become Presidents or Governors but we can all strive our best to do our given line of work well and cheerfully.

"I am glad to think

I am not bound to make the world go round
But only to discover and to do,

With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints."

This is the last publication of the Arms under the present board of editors.

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I extend my thanks to Miss Callahan, our adviser and to the editors for their time and work which was so generously given for the success of the school paper this past year. To manager Whitaker and his assistant, McQueston, thanks are also due for managing the finances of the paper.

I express my sincerest wishes for a prosperous year to the new board of editors and managers.

Once again let me urge the school, alumni and friends to support the Hopkins Arms.

Editor-in-chief.

SCHOOL NEWS

A St. Patrick's program was enjoyed by the school March 17th including Irish songs and poems, also records by noted Irish singers.

On March 22nd a reception was given by the school and friends to Miss Leonard, who had recently resigned her position on the faculty to be married to Mr. Herman Nash of Plainville.

The following program was given:

SONG—When de Banjo Plays,	School
READING—	Miss Corbin
DUET—Oh, Happy Days,	
	Ruth Wentzel and Dorothy Hickey
PIANO SELECTION—"Gondoliers Song",	Kathleen Keefe
READING—	Miss Callahan
SONG—	Faculty Quartette
Mrs. Reed, Miss Jauch, Mr. Reed, Mr. Loring.	
READING of Short Humorous Sketches—	Olive Keefe
ORIGINAL POEM—"The Bridegroom",	Mr. Reed
"Love's Sweet Song",	School

As an expression of esteem and respect, Mr. Loring, representing the school, presented Miss Leonard with gifts from the school. A check from the Trustees of Hopkins Academy was presented by Dr. Smith and also a gift from other friends of Miss Leonard in the town. After the presentation of gifts all went to the "gym" where dancing was enjoyed.

Miss Leonard and Mr. Nash were married on March 24th and are living in West Suffield,

Connecticut, where Mr. Nash has a position on a large tobacco plantation.

Miss Leonard's work at Hopkins was characterized by a faithful, unselfish attitude toward all. Her teaching was excellent, her classes were interesting and her sympathetic understanding of pupils made her a valuable teacher.

Mrs. James P. Reed, a Mount Holyoke College graduate, is now teaching in the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Grace Leonard.

The Sophomore class, under Miss Jauch's direction, gave their social, April 6th.

A humorous play, "Vice-Versa" was very amusing and much enjoyed by the audience.

Those participating in the play were: Horace Babb, Harry Jekanowski, Florence Cook, Katherine Keefe, Victoria Bemben, Josephine Mather, Harold Shockro, Gladys Murray, Chester Wzoreck.

Refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served after the play. Games, inter-class contests, and dancing concluded the social.

A very interesting program of Polish poetry and music was given on Friday, April 13th. It included the following:

National Anthem,	Girls' Chorus
Life of Capermus	John Zenzaya, '23
Polish Sacred Song,	Record
Piano Duet,	Moskowski
	Dorothy Hope, '25, Katherine Keefe, '25.
Onward Brothers,	Girls' Chorus
Polish Waltz	Record
Life of Paderewski,	Helen Szafir, '23
Record—Minuet,	Paderewski
Life of Koschinski,	Florence Cook, '25
Piano Solo—Polanaise,	Mrs. Reed
Lovely May,	Girls' Chorus

The school was fortunate in having Mrs. Anderson, a former music instructor, take part in the program on Friday morning, April 27th on the life and works of Chopin, a great pianist

and composer. Mrs. Anderson played the following piano solos from Chopin's works:

Etude—Polanaise—C Minor,

Fall of Warsaw to Russians

A flat major—Aeolian Harp

F minor—“Song of Sleeping Child”

Sehnam

G flat major—“Black Key”

Valses—C sharp minor

D flat major

Scherzo—C sharp minor.

It was a treat to have Mrs. Anderson with us. We remember with pleasure how she used to inspire us to sing our best, and of the pleasant hours we spent with her. Mrs. Anderson was given a rousing reception and her playing was heartily received. It seemed good to have her with us again and we all hope she can come again soon.

The annual Junior Promenade was given in the Town Hall April 27th. in honor of the Seniors, by the Class of 1924.

The hall was artistically decorated with the Senior class colors, purple and white.

Music was furnished by the M. A. C. Orchestra. The patronesses were: Mrs. J. P. Reed, Mrs. William Keefe, Mrs. Robert McQueston, Mrs. Leslie Smith and Mrs. Jay Cook. The head ushers, Ruth Wentzel and Anna Bisko, were assisted by Florene Cook, Katherine Keefe, Josephine Mather, Dorothy Hope, Victoria Bemben and Horace Babb of the Class of 1925.

A very appropriate program was given at Assembly May 18th, consisting of songs and readings about Spring. The program was as follows:

Record—Mendelsshon's Spring Song.

Song—Spring—(Boncenci),	School
The First Bluebird—(Riley),	Ruth Scott
The Yellow Violet—(Bryant),	Catherine Johnson
Song—Welcome Sweet Springtime—(Rubenstein),	School
Wild Geese—(Thaxter),	Dorothy McQueston
The Song Sparrow—(Van Dyke),	Josephine Wosko
Howdy, Mr. Hep Toad—(Riley),	Harriet Hope
Record,	Grieg's Spring Song

On the western side of our school building, or, to be more exact, on the territory which

extends from our apple trees to our driveway, the open space has assumed a new aspect. In the place of the grass which usually remains in the same condition as nature sees fit to put it, a fine tennis court has been laid out and is now being used.

After approximately five years of planning and waiting we have finally, through the efforts and cooperation of the student body and teachers, again succeeded in laying out a tennis court. Rackets and tennis balls have been obtained.

The completion of the tennis court was hailed with much joy by all the students. Ever since it has been ready for use, pupils have found time to play and have found much pleasure and enjoyment in making use of the rackets and balls.

As a result of the tennis court, a tennis association has been formed. Elizabeth Pratt was elected president and Ruth Wentzel secretary and treasurer. Two committees have been appointed, one to keep the court in fit condition, the other to keep a permanent schedule. The committee placed in charge of the court consists of: Thomas Flaherty, '23, Dorothy Hope, '25, Theodore Maclean, '24. The schedule committee is composed of: Mae Reardon, '23, Joseph Kowal, '23, Bernice Abbott, '24.

Two young ladies from Smith College came over on Tuesday, May 15th and gave us some intelligent examinations. The examinations are given, simply to see how quickly and accurately, both problems in arithmetic and English can be done by the different pupils.

ALUMNI NEWS

1883

Fred H. Fowler has retired from his position at the Shirley State School after having served thirty years for the government.

18..

Homer F. Cook has been appointed President of Smith Charities.

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1913

A son was born May 14th to Mr. and Mrs. A. Tower. Mrs. Tower was formerly Laura Sabin.

1918

Mr. and Mrs. H. Edward Headburg have a son Edward Chester. Mrs. Headburg was, before her marriage, Alice Scott.

Mae Keefe is a member of the graduating class of Fitchburg Normal.

On May 16th a son Edward, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moody. Mrs. Moody was Mary Yarrows, who was the district school nurse for the past few years.

1921

John Connelly has joined the State Patrol Force at Boston.

Constance Hill is to be married in July to Lee Higgins of North Hadley.

Margaret Miller and Margaret Kelly are to be graduated from Westfield Normal School in June.

1922

Kathryn Toole has accepted a position at the Extension Service of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Harold Pelissier is employed at Sullivan's Hardware Store in Northampton.

**A Meeting of the Literary Club**

I had so often heard of the famous club in London over which Samuel Johnson presided, that I was very eager to attend some of its meetings; but I had neither fame, talent, nor genius, all of which were necessary to procure membership in this remarkable club. I longed to hear the brilliant conversation of Johnson which was so renowned that George the third had met him on purpose to hear him talk. The more impossible it seemed to fulfill my wish, the more I wanted it.

One evening as I sat by the fire, drowsily wishing I was at a meeting of this club I heard

a soft noise beside me, like the ripple caused by a summer breeze on a lake and turning, I saw my fairy god-mother.

"Goodness gracious, child!" she said, "What ever could make you pout and frown so terribly?"

"I've been wishing with all my might that I might attend a meeting of Johnson's Literary club," I said.

"Well," she replied, after a few minutes of thoughtful silence. I tell you what I'll do. If you are very good and promise to look out for cats I'll turn you into a mouse and you can hide in the room where the clubs meets and hear their talk. But mind, beware of the cat! I

don't want my god-child eaten up by any old eat! Now, close your eyes."

I closed my eyes and my fairy god-mother muttered a charm under her breath, touching me with her wand as she did so.

When I opened my eyes I had a queer feeling of being very, very tiny myself and everything else being of immense proportions. My god-mother had kept her promise. I was a little gray mouse. The room was unoccupied but presently I heard voices outside the door. Two young men entered the room. One of them was tall, rather handsome, with all the ease and grace of a person accustomed to wealth. I recognised him as Charles Fox, one of the most prominent statesmen of the day.

The man with him was decidedly homely with a receding chin and a prominent forehead. I soon learned this was Oliver Goldsmith. I was just a little disappointed in the appearance of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" and wondered how such a homely man could write such pretty things. They were talking of the day's doings in the House.

The next to arrive was Edmund Burke. He was medium height, with twinkling blue eyes, and a very pleasing voice. I liked him immediately.

Bennet Langdown the scholar and his friend Topham Beauclerk, who looked very much like a dandy and kept saying witty but sarcastic things, were the next comers.

Then came Gibbon the historian. How mistaken a person can be in judging another. I had thought all Gibbon's conversation would deal with the rise and fall of the Roman empire, or something equally pedantic, dry like that but I found him quite human.

Jones, the linguist soon joined the group and for a man who could speak so many languages he had very little to say.

Joshua Reynolds, the artist, entered with David Garrick. The conversation was on ordinary topics of the day. Garrick set everyone into

convulsions of laughter by imitating an Italian fruit vender whom he had seen in the street on his way to the club.

The door opened again and this time the person for whom I had been so anxiously waiting entered. This was Samuel Johnson. He was followed by Boswell. Awkward, clumsy, rugged. Johnson was as ugly as one could imagine. He sat down, crossed his legs, and began to talk. The subject as I remember, was the Spenserian stanza. When he spoke one immediately forgot his ugliness, his clumsiness, his intolerable manners. The conversation changed from subject to subject of the latest books, Garrick's play and Reynolds' latest pictures were all discussed. Johnson did most of the talking. He had something worth while to say on every subject. He spoke eloquently, expressing himself remarkably well and in such an interesting manner that he could not help but hold everyone's attention. My admiration for him increased twenty-fold. I didn't care what he looked like or how he acted, any man who could express himself so well and say such weighty and remarkable things, was a genius. No wonder he "bossed" the literary world of the day, I thought.

Boswell sat right back of Johnson and wrote down everything he said in a small notebook. He interrupted Johnson again and again, asking the most foolish questions I had ever heard. If I had been Johnson I would have thrown him out the window.

I was listening intently to a discussion on Newton's law of gravitation when suddenly I saw a cat crouched about two feet away from me, waiting to spring. I uttered a frightened squeak and crouched deeper into my corner, when I felt something grab my shoulder. I jumped up with a start, to hear my sister say, "For goodness' sake, will you stop snoring?"

I gazed about in a dazed manner and suddenly it dawned upon me that I had been asleep and dreaming, all the while, by my own hearth fire.

**A Review of
"Piebald King of the Bronchos"**

By Mr. Hawkes, our friend and Hadley's well-known author, is given herewith.

"Piebald, King of the Bronchos" is a book written by Clarence Hawkes. It is a very interesting and exciting story of the life of a horse. The story begins when the horse, Piebald is but a colt in the Great American desert. His mother soon dies and he is left alone in the world. The colt finally, after many trying experiences, becomes the leader or King of a group of bronchos. But he has not his freedom long as Eagleheart, an Indian warrior, captures and breaks him in as a saddle horse. There is no horse in the country as swift as Piebald, as his master finds when he, Piebald, is the winner of a great horse race held yearly in that part of the country. At this time the Colonel, an elderly gentleman, sees Piebald and finally succeeds in buying him from Eagleheart. Several years intervene and the Colonel goes East, leaving Piebald or the Calico Horse, as he now calls his mount, in the care of a supposedly trusty Mexican. On the Colonel's return he is greeted by the terrible news that his Calico Horse is dead. Sometime later though, on visiting a bull fight in Mexico he finds Piebald there and claims him as his horse. So Piebald goes back to his former owner. Many peaceful years are spent by Piebald on his master's ranch and he is beginning to grow old. One day the Colonel is surprised by a visit from Eagleheart who wants the horse back again. Eagleheart persuades the Colonel that Piebald would be happier if he spent his remaining years in his native forest so the Colonel reluctantly gives him up. "Nature had reclaimed its own and all was well."

Anyone who likes animals and animal stories will enjoy this recent book by Mr. Hawkes. Its local popularity is evidenced by the fact that many members of the English classes have chosen "Piebald" for book reports.

—B. C. A., '24.

Extracts from Senior Themes on
"What High School Has Meant to Me"

These four years have taught me to concentrate and to keep steadily at a thing until I have finished it. I have also learned it is the person who keeps at a thing the longest and the steadiest who wins in the long run.

These four years have increased my sense of appreciation; especially is this true in literature. I never used to care much for essays and biographies but during my high school course I have learned to appreciate these as much as fiction. After studying the "Idylls of The King", I appreciated Tennyson twice as much as I had before. I have learned to read the plays of Shakespeare, not because I have to, but because I enjoy them.

One learns to look at everything from a broader point of view after a high school training.

By securing a good education, one prepares oneself with the best weapon invented.

An education helps us to appreciate our twenty-four hours a day of which life is made.

High School athletics have taught me the value of team play and cooperation. They have given me experience in meeting strangers when we go to other schools to play basketball, baseball or soccer. I consider this a valuable part of education as preparation for life,—to know how to meet and mingle with people.

A Conference of the Mice.

Toward evening as the last shaft of light peeped in at the back window of the Cottage, it fell upon a group of mice. The center of attraction was a square of white paper, on which was written in mouse language, these words, "All mice, living either in this Cottage or in the school of Hopkins Academy, are requested to meet in the woodshed of the above mentioned

Cottage at ten o'clock sharp, to discuss matters of the utmost importance to all—Signed The Elders". The Elders were a group of twelve mice, old, wise, and grayheaded, who looked after the welfare of their mousedom. This notice caused much excitement as every mouse knew that something serious must be on foot. They discussed it in fear and trembling, their voices high and shrill in their nervousness; and finally they scampered away to tell their kinsmen.

As the clock neared the tenth hour, the mice began to gather. From every room, corner, and closet they scurried, each going to the big meeting-place. Their Elders were there before them, sitting in a half circle on the chopping block, looking very grim and sedate.

When most of them had assembled, the chairman of the Elders arose and with a dignified clearing of his throat began in a sad and melancholy voice,

"My brothers, it is with a heavy heart that I call you here tonight for I fear that we must leave our present dwelling-place, and seek other quarters."

A series of shrill squeaks of protest arose from the listeners, but he held up his forefoot and instantly there was silence,

"Perhaps you think I am hasty in this measure but I assure you that it is necessary. Let me relate a few incidents to you. Two or three weeks ago there was a cruel, bloody death of one of our number, Mr. Longtail, by name—"

Sobs and shrieks of grief came from the audience, uttered by some relatives of the late deceased.

"Yes, yes, my friends, it is hard to relate but I must go on. Mr. Longtail was preparing a nest for himself and family in a drawer filled with paper, when it was most violently jerked open, revealing that horrible creature, Man, who quite rudely shut the drawer on seeing our friend, and crushed Mr. Longtail to death. He leaves a widow and three children to face life's battles alone," the Elder here displayed such emotions that he had to wipe his eyes with his tail before proceeding with his speech. "Then

a week ago six of our number were caught in an iron trap. All bright, clear, young mice too, but indifferent to their Elders' warnings. Let it be a lesson to you my young people," and many little mice hung their heads as they thought how they had dared those six mice to enter the wire house.

"These poor victims were fed to a cat—a cat! mind you, that big, wicked, lazy animal so cruel and relentless to us mice!!" and the Elder grew very stern and indignant, but the other mice cowered at the mention of the animal's name.

"And so from these and many, many more similar incidents which I might recall, you see I am justified in my statement that we must leave very soon. We have already lost some hundred or more."

As he stopped, the mice set up a great clamor. They were so nicely fixed in their present habitation and, so comfortable! Why move? They promised to be careful and surely a hundred was not many out of nearly a thousand, but their squeaks of protest and entreaty were of no use, for the Elders had made up their minds, and go they must. The old mouse argued with them till near midnight, when he suddenly heard a door slam and voices talking. All ears are strained to catch the sound of approach and all bodies are posed for flight. They hear no approaching footsteps so begin conversing again in shrill whispers, forgetting to listen.

Then the woodshed door bursts open and there stands one of the dreaded creatures and it calls out,

"How many sticks of wood do you need?"

The mice scatter as leaves before a March wind—all but four. Four of the Elders seem to lose control of their stiff and aged joints and are unable to scramble from the chopping block. A scream from the person who has just entered the woodshed and her friends come running, one of them with "that cat," as she mistrusts the cause of the scream. The cat soon finishes the poor feeble Elders and going into the house lies down by the stove and takes a snooze.

A while later that night when the mice gathered weeping, around the scene of the

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tragedy they voted unanimously to move at once. Several of them had relatives in Three Corners and Plainville so for those places they set out, a mourning, sorrowing company.

The occupants of the Cottage may have wondered at the sudden disappearance of their tormentors but, I hope the reading of this account will solve the mystery for them now.

—B. C. A. '24.

The Barnyard Pitcher.

It was in the spring of the year and most of the Grafford High School boys were playing baseball and enjoying life in general. But there was one boy who seemed not to be enjoying himself, for all the time he was thinking, thinking—how he could ever be a baseball pitcher for the High School nine.

He lived with an uncle and it was Tom who had to do all the splitting of wood and the chores. After days of hard work, Tom finally had all the wood stored in the woodshed. This was a great relief, for he could now devote more time to practicing with the High School nine.

The next day in school the principal gave a talk on baseball. He told of the new league that had been formed by six different High Schools and said that he would like to see all the boys out on the field that afternoon. When school closed for the day, all the boys were on the field except Tom. Tom's uncle was against baseball for he feared that Tom might get hurt and he would have to pay the doctor's bill.

One day when Uncle Ira was in town a new idea struck Tom, and away he hurried to the cupboard for the new ball which had been given to him by one of his friends as a Christmas present.

Eagerly Tom ran to the old barnyard, for he was all alone and he could do as he liked. First he slowly wound up as a regular pitcher does in a game. He shot the ball for the plate, which was an old tin pan placed near the fence, which made a good backstop. A crash followed, then a bang and all was still. Then another bang was heard as if every living animal in the barn had broken loose.

In the meantime Uncle Ira had arrived and was leading the horse to the stable when he heard the crash. Thinking that a horse had become loose, he hurried to the barn, but instead of a horse, this is what he saw. Tom was just clinging the ball for a fast breaking curve which flew straight for the plate. Tom was smiling to see how finely he could control the ball, when just in front of him appeared Uncle Ira. Eyeing him steadily, Uncle Ira grumbled, "Well, trying your old trick again, hey?"

"Yes, I was trying to throw one over the plate and it slipped from my hand and hit the barndoar," replied Tom.

"Better go to work and don't let me see you doing this again." demanded his uncle.

This experience almost discouraged Tom. He felt that he would never play on the "High School Nine." But every day after supper while Uncle Ira was reading the paper, Tom would steal out with his ball and glove to the barnyard and practice till the sun disappeared and darkness fell.

Finally after many weeks of this strenuous practicing, Tom learned to pitch very well and when occasionally he took part in the practice at school, he showed such good form, that he attracted the captain's attention.

Grafford High had won her final league game and was now tied with Winton High for the lead. Another game was to be played between the two to decide the championship.

The day finally arrived when the championship would be settled. The game started and the batteries were announced by the umpire as Bob Hudson and Gray for Grafford, and Conway and Sweeney for Winton. Winton being the visiting team was now at bat. The first batter was a little fellow, but quick as a flash and always watching the pitcher. He was finally walked. The next batter up was put out on a pop fly and the next two men followed his example.

Both sides had scored no runs and it was now the sixth inning with Winton High at bat. The first man singled to right. The second batter was out on a foul to third, but the third batter

was safe on an infield error. This put runners on first and second with but one down. Hudson, the Grafford High School pitcher attempted to put a straight one across the plate for a strike on the man at bat, but the batter met it squarely and drove it on a line to Hudson, who had just time enough to put up his hand to protect himself. The ball hit his thumb on his pitching hand, spraining it so badly that he was unable to firmly grasp the ball. Time was called while Capt. Beals of Grafford discussed the situation with his players. Hudson was Grafford's only pitcher. Who could take his place? Remembering Tom's work in practice, Capt. Beals called him to the box.

As Tom took his place at the rubber he resolved to forget all but the instructions from his experienced and crafty catcher. He found his control was nearly perfect, his first pitch going just where Gray called for it so that the batter was retired on an easy fly to the first baseman. This gave him the required confidence and with the help of Gray the third batter was out on strikes.

Backed by good support and continually encouraged by the whole team, Tom stood up to his task during the last three innings and kept the visitors from scoring although one batter reached first in the ninth on a clean single to left field. Try as they would, Grafford could not score either.

Collins, Grafford's left fielder was first up for Grafford in the last of the ninth inning. Grafford's hopes received a great boost when he was walked. Johnson sacrificed him to second and he reached third on Gray's out at first. Tom was now at bat. The first time up he had met the ball squarely, but had driven it straight at the second baseman. He felt full of confidence that he could hit the ball and following the advice coming at him continually from Capt. Beals he waited for a good one. The first pitch was wide. He fouled the second but the third was right over the plate. Tom met it on the trademark and the ball shot off of his bat on a line over the second base for one of the cleanest hits of the day.

As Collins crossed the plate with the winning run, the captain and team made a dash for Tom and he was the hero of the hour. It was great to stand on the mound and pitch for the school. He received a thrill he never would forget when he drove out the hit that won the game. But this being made a hero of by his schoolmates was not to his liking, because Tom, being a real boy, knew that a game is never won by one player but by the combined efforts of all the players. He knew too, that but for the steady coaching of Gray, he never could have kept his opponents from hitting safely.

Just when Tom was working his hardest to escape from the crowd, he suddenly caught sight of his uncle who, with straw hat in his hand and both arms waving, was shouting at the top of his lungs—the most enthusiastic rooter of all. This was too much for Tom who, forgetting all else, stood and laughed as he had not for weeks, at the sight of his excited uncle, who was so carried away by the outcome of the game that he was making, as Tom's aunt would have said, "a spectacle of himself."

It was a happy Tom who milked the cows that night and as he went into the house whistling a school song, he was met by his uncle who again in a sensible condition of mind smiled as he said to Tom, "Well, I guess you had it coming to you, boy, and next year I will allow you to practice regularly with the High School nine."

—A. J. '24.

My Flower Garden

Someday I'll have a garden,

Most wondrous ever seen.

A royal flower garden,

A gay gem for a queen.

There'll be mignonette and lilacs

And dhalias rows on rows.

Phlox will nod their pretty heads,

Where the showry fire bush grows.

And tall madonna lilacs.

Like angels clad in white,

Will add their heavy fragrance

To the flower scented night.

There'll be pale verbena blossoms,
Set off with pearls of dew,
And little pansy faces
That smile right up at you.

Along the garden gate will bloom
The bright blue morning glory,
The color of a princess' eyes.
In some old fairy story.

While tall and stately hollyhocks,
Will grow beside the wall.
And down along the little path
Where the checkered shadows fall,

There'll be ferny, fairy cosmos
With branches fine and fair,
All brightened up with blossoms,
Like flowers in one's hair.

The gorgeous purple astors
Will spread their petals fine
While down the path a little way,
Will bloom the columbine.

And God will send His sunshine
And cause my flowers to grow
And I shall reap a blessing
From every seed I sow.

—E. B. M., '23.

The Joys of Fishing

I have several hobbies, but the one that I consider my favorite is going fishing for trout. I take a great deal of pleasure in going out to a mountain stream or to a brook that runs through the woods or trickles down among rocks and goes on gurgling all the time.

It isn't so much the idea of catching fish that I enjoy as it is getting out in the woods and thinking of what mother nature has provided for us.

I love the hills. I love to go to them and wander all day on them. I think, when a person is walking along in the woods and along the banks

of a mountain stream, his thoughts are always good. He thinks about the big trees, about the birds and watches to find a trout in the brook or to see a muskrat take a dive from a muddy, slippery bank.

I hate to catch a trout under six inches, because I know he has been hooked and it will hurt him for some time after he has been thrown back. Then on the other hand I like to catch fish big enough to keep and take home.

J. L. C. '23

The Youngster's Surprise Party.

It was a beautiful summer morning and the green grass heavily sprinkled with dew, sparkled in the sunlight. What a lovely sight it was!

As Mrs. Brown was thru with her housework he decided to slip out for a few minutes and weed her vegetable garden. She took her two small boys, James and Martin with her.

Mrs. Brown could hardly believe her own eyes at the sight of the tall weeds growing so. Immediately she set to work hoeing the watermelon vines.

James and Martin were playing together very happily.

In the distance along the dusty road was heard the tramp of a peddler's horse. It is not unusual to see different kinds of peddlers and agents out in the country.

When he was near the garden, he stopped his horse and shouted out, "Anything to-day, Missis?"

"No, not to-day," replied the busy woman.

"I've a good pair of overalls for tat feller", added the peddler, looking at James whose overalls needed patching.

"Well, I guess that will do for him at present," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Need any stockings, Missis? I've several pairs of nice summer stockings tat are quite tylish ti's season. Thought you might like a pair."

"I might as well go over and see them," thought Mrs. Brown. So putting down her hoe, she went over to the peddler's wagon.

While she was busy conversing with him, and looking over various articles, James and Martin ran home.

"Say Jimmie, let's make mamma something funny, mamma will like it, won't she?" said Martin to James.

"'At on going to do?'" inquired James in surprise.

"Let's take some water and make mud pies for mamma."

"All 'ight," responded the younger brother.

They were on their way with a can of water when, quick a a flah, a new idea came to them.

"Jimmie let's take the white hen and put it in our house. She can see our table, my new shirt and lots of other things."

"And the 'ooster too," added James pointing to a White Leghorn in the corner.

"But mamma says that roosters like lots of hens. Give him the black hen too," continued Martin.

"'At's blek?'" asked James, again, in a surprise.

"Thot un like stove; 'on't ou see him 'ooking at us?'"

The tricky youngsters decided to put the hens in the kitchen.

Jimmy, carrying a rooster who was ready to run away from him any minute, threw the rooster into the kitchen. The older brother brought a black and a white hen. Then they shut the doors and windows to prevent them from running away. The boys stayed in this room for quite a while. The black hen was naughty, so they tied her foot to the leg of the stove.

"Let's tell mamma now," said Martin, looking at James after several moments of laughter.

The happy children ran off and found their mother hard at work.

Martin, who was always having clever ideas, shouted out laughing:

"Mamma, guess who came to us. Who'st in our house now?!"

"Don't tell her, 'Immie will you? Don't laugh because mamma could tell, couldn't you, mamma?'"

"Who's there??" asked their mother anxiously.

"Guess, mamma, you know."

The mother guessed several times—but the guesses were not correct.

After Mrs. Brown finished weeding the garden, she took the small boys and went home.

How happy they were to have mother see their company!

"Sonny, why did you shut the doors and windows? It will be very warm in the kitchen," said their mother.

"Mamma, we just had to, there's company."

"Well! Well! Well!" said mother eager to meet their company.

When Mrs. Brown opened the door the surprise was made known. One of the hens was on the sink cackling as loud as she could. The black hen was tied to the stove's leg, working hard to free herself again.

"Oh, mamma! just look at the rooster fighting with 'Immie's cat; just look at him!" shouted Martin eager to separate the two.

—J. D. W. '24.

AGRICULTURE NEWS

The Freshmen and Sophomores have sprayed the apple trees on the Academy grounds. Theodore Maclean, '24, and Edward Emond, '23, have done considerable spraying about the town outside of school hours.

On May 17th, Prof. Eton, accompanied by seven graduate students from Cornell University visited the Agricultural Department.

Prof. Wells, head of the Agricultural Education Department of M. A. C., had Miss Hammond, his stenographer with us on May 15th to take down all that was said in the Freshman-Sophomore Agricultural class. This work is being done for educational purposes and the results are very interesting.

Irving Johnson, '23, has been chosen State Corn Club Champion. He gets a week's outing at M. A. C. this summer with expenses paid.

THE HOPKINS ARMS

On Saturday, April 28th, members of the Hadley Poultry Club, including Osborne West and Horace Babb "took in" the Poultry Club Trip to Huntington and Westfield where representative poultry farms were visited.

Wm. Coffey, '25, transferring from Greenfield High, joined the Agricultural Department May 1st. There are fourteen in the department now.

The Hopkins Sheep Judging Team, Edward Emond and Theodore Maclean won first at the M. A. C. Sheep Judging Contest held April 11. There were about twenty in the competition.

The Junior and Senior boys accompanied by their instructor, Mr. Loring, attended the Fordson Tractor and Industrial meeting held in Odd Fellows Hall, Northampton on April 6.

Elizabeth Pratt, Osborne West, and Theodore Maclean went on the Calf Club trip to Shelburne, Mt. Hermon and Northfield Saturday, May 19th.

Successful grafts have been made by members of the department on apple trees both at the Academy and about the town.

The Agricultural Department has made three long benches and two basketball hoops for the Hooker School.

The Hopkins Poultry Judging Team, Roger West, Osborne West and Lewis Whitaker won first at the M. A. C. High School Day Contest, May 5th. Each one received a ribbon. Placed as individuals Roger West won second and Lewis Whitaker third. Prizes were settings of eggs. Utility Leghorns and Reds, and Exhibition Rocks and Reds were judged by the seven teams in the competition.

Grafting

Grafting is necessary when the variety of a tree is to be changed, because the seeds of a

fruit tree will not produce the same variety as the tree from which the seed came.

The best time to graft is in the early spring. The scions used, should be cut before the buds start. They should be cut from last year's growth. The scions should be kept in moist sand or sawdust to keep them from drying.

Cleft grafting is one of the most common methods. This is used mostly on trees from two to ten years old. A branch $\frac{3}{4}$ to 3 inches thick is cut off straight, with a fine tooth saw. The stub is split and is held apart with a wedge. The scions are cut wedge shape on one end and about three buds are left on each one. The scion is then put in the cleft, being careful to have the cambium layers meet or cross. The wedge is taken out and the scions are held fast. The stub is then covered with grafting wax. It is necessary to have it well covered so that no air can get in.

Bridge grafting is used when young trees have been girdled by mice or rabbits. The scion is sharpened on each end and the bark above and below the girdled part is peeled a little and the scion is put under the bark and nailed in with small nails. Several grafts are made in each tree, usually depending on the size of the tree. The grafts are then covered with wax, care being necessary to avoid leaving any spaces where the air might get in between the wax.

Both of these methods have been repeatedly tried out with success. The work is not only very practical but is a most interesting part in the development of orchard projects.

—O. W., '23.

A Benefit I Have Derived From Agriculture.

Through my work in the Agricultural course I have become interested in the raising of poultry. During my four years at school my interest in this work has greatly increased.

I have met with failure but was not discouraged. I kept right on. I have met with success as well as failure but from each I have acquired a much broader knowledge on the subjects of Poultry.

I have made quite a little money on my

birds, and in a short time I shall have everything paid for, such as the house, equipment and the cost of my flock.

I find the work very interesting and as it brings one out of doors continually it is also

very healthful.

Learning the ways and habits of the birds is all very interesting and gives one a much broader knowledge of poultry.

—E. J. E., '23.



Household Arts & Agriculture



The Junior and Senior Household Arts Class attended a demonstration on jam making and canning which was given at the gym on May 17th.

Miss Hunt of the State Department of Education, visited the Household Arts Department recently.

Helen Szafer, '23, and Victoria Kazara, '26, were judges in a bread making contest held at Russell School in April.

The school lunch was discontinued March 1st on account of the warm weather.

The Freshman girls have finished their spring problem of gingham dresses. Many of them are the two color variety now worn so much.

The upper class girls are working on children's garments. These clothes are very daintily and effectively done with smocking and applique work.

The Sophomore cooking class served a well prepared lunch to the Faculty, Friday, May 11.

House cleaning is just over at the cottage and all is in readiness for the spring work of graduation sewing and canning.

EXCHANGES

The Hopkins Arms wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

The Vigornia, High School, Worcester, Mass.

The Sabre, Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va.

Drury Academe, Drury Academy, North Adams, Mass.

The Echo, High School, Winthrop, Mass.

Netop, Turners Falls High School, Turners Falls, Mass.

The Herald, Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.

The Salemica, New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.

Central Recorder, Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

Newtonia, Newton High School, Newton, Iowa.

The Great Blue, Junior High School, Milton, Mass.

The Vigonnia—You have a fine paper. Your editorials are excellent and the poems "Tony

THE HOPKINS ARMS

Bacando" and "Johnny Barber" were exceedingly clever. Why not comment on the exchange?

The Echo—Your school news is well written. A few more stories would make your paper more complete.

The Sabre—Your paper is great. The jokes are witty. We would like to see more of those excellent editorials which have appeared in your paper.

The Herald—The stories in your paper are very interesting. Why not publish a few more of them? Your paper is well arranged.

Newtonia—You have an excellent weekly paper. Your department "Under the Um-

brellas" is an original idea.

The Salemica—Your agricultural department is admirable. Your stories are original and delightful but we wish you might have more of them.

Red and White—You have an excellent literary department.

The Argus—Your cuts are very good. Your literary department and editorials also deserve commendation:

The Unquity Echo—Your locals are well written and interesting. Why not make your literary department larger? We can sympathize with the person who wrote "La Belle Français." We've often felt that way, too.

ATHLETICS

During April and May our baseball team lost to Amherst, Northampton, Turners Falls and Sanderson Academy and won from South Hadley Falls, Smith School and Smith Academy. Most of the games have been close, the Hopkins boys giving a good account of themselves in every game. We have met no team that man for man averaged our equal. Could the Hopkins boys devote to practice as much time as is given in nearly all high schools, we would have a team the equal of many of the large high school teams. We have in Rojko and Kozara two pitchers of ability. Kozera and Andrew Jekanowski are steady, reliable catchers. Flaherty, Chumura, Zenzaya, Kowal and Wanczyk are first rate infielders and West, Harry Jekanowski, Tudrym, Johnson, Jake Jekanowski and others can do outfield duty with credit. The team has hit hard, Rojko, A. and H. Jekanowski, Kozera, Flaherty and Kowal being our leading hitters.

Considering the fact that owing to work on the farms a practice can seldom be had, and

that often two or more regulars are missing from the lineup, the boys do surprisingly well. They exhibit an excellent spirit at all times and have a grand time in all the contests, whether they win or not.

Hopkins 6

Smith Academy 3

Hopkins met its ancient rivals, Smith Academy on Alumni Field May 3 and won a good game, 6 to 3. The box work of Rojko and Billings featured. Both pitched air tight ball. Rojko was given good support while Billings' support was ragged in spots. Wanzyk's all-around work featured. Score:

	HOPKINS				a	SMITH ACAD.			
	ab	h	o	a		ab	h	o	a
Wanzyk,3	4	2	2	2	Yarrows,cf	5	2	0	1
Chumura,s	3	0	2	1	Belden,2	4	0	2	0
Kozera,2	4	0	3	3	Ballinger,s	4	1	2	3
J'nowski,e	4	1	11	3	Billings,p	4	1	0	3
Rojka,p	4	1	0	4	Zgrodnik,3	4	1	0	0
Kowal,cf	3	0	0	0	Howard,1	3	1	8	1
Flaherty,1	3	1	7	0	Ryan,lf	4	1	1	0
West,rf	3	0	2	0	Walsh,e	3	1	10	2
Zenzaya,lf	4	0	0	0	Smith,rf	3	0	1	0
Totals,	31	5	27	13	Totals,	34	8	24	10

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hopkins,	1	1	0	2	1	0	1	0	—6
Smith,	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—3

Runs: Wanezyk 2, Chumura, Rojko, Kowal, Flaherty, Yarrows, Ballinger, Billings; errors: Chumura, Jekanowski, Zenzaya, Belden, Ballinger, Zgrodnik, Howard, Walsh; two-base hits: Flaherty, Wanezyk, Jekanowski; base on balls, off Billings 1; hit by pitcher, by Billings, (Flaherty, Kowal), by Ropko, (Howard, Walsh); struck out, by Rojko 10, by Billings 11; passed balls; Walsh 2. Umpire, Lucier. Time, 1.45.

Hopkins 14

So. Hadley Falls H. S. 8

Hopkins Academy defeated South Hadley Falls at South Hadley Falls 14 to 8. With two down in the second, Zenzaya lined out a hit for two bases, H. Jekanowsko, Tudryn, West and Kozera singled, A. Jekanowski hit one for three bases, and Rojko lifted one over the center fielder's head for two bases. This hitting totalled six runs for Hopkins. In the third inning, Smith replaced Watson in the box for South Hadley. Kowal greeted him with a single. Hits by Zenzaya, H. Jekanowski, West and Tudryn put four runs across. A. Jekanowski walked. With two on, Flaherty lined one over the center fielder's heal for three bases and scored on Kowal's out at first.

Hopkins scored but one run after the thirld. The Hadley boys had men on bases nearly every inning, but were careless on bases, having six men picked off.

Smith, first up for South Hadley in the fourth, walked. McKenzie got South Hadley's first hit. Atiken's hit scored Smith. Rojko let up a hit after the fourth and South Hadley added a run or two nearly inning on some good hitting and base running.

Hopkins was without Wanezyk and Chumura. This necessitated bringing in Zenzaya and Kowal from the outfield and gave two sophomores, Harry Jekanowski and Tudryn, a chance in the outfield. Jekanowski made a good catch in right field and came through with two clean hits. Tudryn hit like a veteran, getting three safe blows. Kowal did well at third. For South Hadley McKenzie and O'Connor did well, both in the field and at bat. Tacy in left

pulled down two drives, and O'Connell hit hard and timely.

The score:

HOPKINS					SO. HADLEY FALLS				
ab	h	o	a		ab	h	o	a	
Kozera,2	5	2	1	2	H.Smith,3,p	4	1	3	1
J'nowski,e	3	2	16	3	McKenzie,2	5	3	5	1
Rojko,p	6	2	0	2	Atiken,e	5	2	7	3
Flaherty,1	5	2	7	0	O'Connell,1	4	3	4	0
Kowal,3	5	1	0	1	Ingham,cf	4	0	1	0
Zenzaya,s	5	2	0	0	O'Connor,s	3	1	2	2
H.J'n'ski,rf	5	2	1	0	Tacy,lf	4	0	2	0
Tudryn,cf	5	3	0	0	Watson,p,;	4	2	3	2
West,lf	5	2	2	0	W.Smith,rf	4	1	0	0
<hr/>					<hr/>				
Totals,	43	18	27	8	Totals,	38	13	27	9
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hopkins,	0	6	7	0	1	0	0	0	—14
So. Hadley,	0	0	0	1	2	0	1	2	8

Two base hits, Rojko, Zenzaya, West, A. Jekanowski, O'Connell, McKenzie; three base hits, Flaherty, A. Jekanowski, H. Smith; struck out, by Rojko 15, by Watson 3, by Smith 2; bases on balls, off Smith 2, off Watson 1, off Rojko 3; hit by pitcher, Rojko 1, by Watson 1.

Hopkins 10

Smith School 9

Hopkins had quite a tussle with Smith School at Northampton, May 25 winning by a 10 to 9 score. With practically the whole team hitting the ball hard our team got away to a good lead in the early innings, having a lead of 8 to 3 in the fifth. Smith School picked up runs in the fifth, sixth and seventh innings, tying the score in the seventh 9 to 9. Rojko reached first in the ninth on an error, stole second and scored what proved to be the winning run on Flaherty's safe blow to center field. Smith School had two men on in the ninth, but Rojko, backed by some clever work by Kozera, A. Jekanowski and Kowal, kept them from scoring. H. Jekanowski connected for three safe hits. Joe Kowal's home run was a feature. Raffa, the Smith School left fielder, robbed A. Jekanowski of a three-base hit by a good catch. Sharoe played a fine game for Smith School.

Turners Falls H. S. 9

Hopkins 7

Turners Falls High School won from Hopkins on Alumni Field May 28 by the close score of 9 to 7. The Hadley boys hit the ball hard but threw away opportunities to score by poor

THE HOPKINS ARMS

base running. Capt. Kozera pitched his first game of the season and performed in fine style. Some clever bunting and base running won for the visitors. The hitting of A. Jekanowski, Rojko, Kozera and West and a couple of catches by O'Keefe featured. Score:

TURNERS FALLS				HOPKINS					
ab	h	o	a	ab	h	o	a		
L'w'nee,2,3	5	2	1	2	Zenzaya,2	6	0	3	3
Cassidy,f	5	1	0	0	H.J.'n'ski,lf	4	1	0	0
Szweic,s	4	1	1	1	A.J.'n'ski,e	5	4	12	1
Lapean,1	5	1	4	1	Rojko,3	5	3	0	1
Parks,cf	4	1	2	0	Flaherty,1	5	0	8	0
Haigis,3,2	4	2	1	3	Kozera,p	5	3	0	3
O'Keefe,lf	2	0	3	0	Chumura,s	4	0	1	0
Burnham,e	3	1	15	2	West,cf	5	2	2	0
White,p	3	0	0	3	J.J.'n'ski,rf	5	2	1	0
Totals,	45	9	27	11	Totals,	44	15	27	8
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Turners Falls,	4	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	1—9
Hopkins,	1	2	0	0	2	0	1	1	0—7

Runs, Lawrence 2, Szweic, Lapean, Parks, Haigis, O'Keefe 3, Zenzaya, H. Jekanowski, Kozera, Chumura 2, West, J. Jekanowski; errors, Lawrence, Lapean, Haigis, White, A. Jekanowski, Rojko, Kozera 2, West; two-base hits, Rojko, A. Jekanowski, Sweic, Burnham; double plays, Lawrence to Szweic to Lapean; base on balls, off Kozera 3, off White 1, off Haigis 1, hits, off White 9 in 5 innings, off Haigis 6 in 4; hits by pitcher, by Kozera (O'Keefe); struck out, by Kozera 13, by White 4, by Haigis 4; winning pitcher, Haigis. Umpire, Murphy. Time, 2.00.

Sanderson Academy 7,

Hopkins 6

May 29 was our annual outing day. Practically the entire school enjoyed the afternoon by going with the baseball team to Ashfield, where our team was defeated in an interesting game by the score of 7 to 6. The trip was made in autos generously furnished for the occasion by friends of the school, and arranged for by an efficient and "on the job" committee consisting of McQueston, Keefe and Smith of the Junior class.

Our boys piled up a good lead during the first four innings on 10 safe hits. Kendrick was replaced by Sanderson's veteran pitcher, Ranney, in the fifth. He pitched in great form holding Hopkins hitless and scoreless the remainder of the game.

Sanderson Academy came to bat the last of the ninth one run behind. Rojko had twirled a

strong game and one run looked good enough for the game. A couple of infield errors and a drive into left field by W. Phillips, put two runs across the pan and gave the Ashfield boys a 7 to 6 victory. "Andy" Jekanowski furnished the fielding feature while the hitting of Rojko, Kozera, Kowal and W. Phillips was hard and clean.

Yarns

Prof: "Do you know why you flunked this subject?"

Student: "I can't think."

Prof: "Exactly."

Freshie: "I thought Caesar was dead."

Soph: "He is, isn't he?"

Freshie: "No, Miss Jauch said she was teaching him!"

"Yes," said the Freshman, "It was enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." Then he wondered why they laughed.

Prof: "What is a mathematical paint?"

Bright One: "A mathematical paint is one which is so small that you can't see it, but if you could see it, it would be so hard to see that it would be invisible."

Inmate: "Make me a dress suit out of these bones and feathers."

Keeper: "Very well Napoleon. But why the feathers?"

Inmate: "I want a swallow tail."

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